

CHAMPION WOLF KILLERS.

Two Hunters in South Dakota Make \$150 a Week.

The wolf-killing championship of the northwest can, without question, be confidently claimed by Jesse and "Lon" Brown, living between here and the Black Hills, who made from \$100 to \$140 per week trapping wolves and coyotes for the liberal bounties offered by the cattlemen. The bounty fund is raised by assessing cattlemen five cents per head for cattle owned by them. John Albers, returning from the cattle ranges of the ceded Sioux lands west of the Missouri river, gives some interesting information concerning the operations of these skillful wolf hunters. The vast cattle range between here and the Black Hills, extending for a distance of 250 miles, is divided into three wolf and coyote districts. Thus, between the Cheyenne river and the line drawn north and south through the center of Jackson county, a bounty of ten dollars per gray wolf is paid; from the center of Jackson to the center of Pratt county comprises the next district, where all gray wolves killed are paid for at the rate of eight dollars each. In these two districts the bounty for coyotes is one dollar each. The third and last district comprises the territory east of the center of Pratt county and extending to the mouth of Bull creek on White river. For gray wolves killed in this region the bounty is fixed at seven dollars, and 50 cents each for coyotes. In addition to these bounties the cattlemen board Jesse and Lon Brown and furnish them with the horses needed by them in their campaign against the wolves.

These men, who are brothers, own a total of 60 or 70 steel traps, with which they catch the wolves and coyotes. In a little over two weeks they recently caught 105 coyotes and 20 wolves. They place the traps in places where wolves and coyotes are accustomed to rendezvous, and take such precautions as are necessary to prevent cattle, calves and horses being caught in the traps. They employ peculiar scent to draw the wolves and coyotes to their traps. This scent is very powerful, the principal ingredient being musk or something very similar to it in odor. The four-footed pests of the range are decidedly cunning, and great care has to be taken not to arouse their suspicions. The traps, after being set, are placed in a hollowed-out spot in the ground, covered with paper and then hidden from view by sprinkling light dirt or dust upon them.

A piece of fresh meat, usually mutton, is then laid close to the trap after a quantity of the scent has been placed upon it. This scent has a peculiarly penetrating odor, and if the wind is favorable, will attract wolves and coyotes from as much as a mile away. The animals sniff the air, proceed toward the spot from which the scent proceeds, and while smelling suspiciously around the scented piece of meat, step into the trap and are caught. Each trap is securely fastened by a chain, so that it cannot be dragged away by the captives. Frequent visits to the traps are made by the hunters, when the captured animals are killed and their scalps and hides taken away as evidence necessary to secure the bounty.—Philadelphia Times.

A DIABOLICAL INVENTION.

Magnifies Sounds of an Already Too Noisy World.

Details are given of an invention which fills us with dismay. According to the account furnished by the inventor, his new phonographic voice trumpet magnifies musical and vocal sounds in such volume as to render them unendurable in a room and satisfactorily distinct two miles off. In time he hopes to extend the stentoraphonic capacity of this terrible trumpet to three times that distance. His first idea was to enable ship captains to converse in a heavy sea fog or at night. Now, however, he has realized that by the aid of his sound magnifier telephones can be made which will allow a political speaker or professional vocalist to entertain three or four audiences seated in halls wide apart at one and the same time. The power which is thus placed in the hands of those who are fond of hearing their own voices is nothing short of devastating. Imagine, again, the inflammatory effect of a debate in the French chamber being "switched" on to the working quarters, or of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett simultaneously ravishing the ears of the house of commons and of a "demonstration" in Hyde park. Seriously, it is impossible to profess enthusiasm for an invention calculated to enhance the donation of din under which modern dwellers in cities incessantly groan.—London Spectator.

The Prince of Wales.

The prince of Wales bears the titles of two princes, two dukes, two field marshals, an earl, a baron, eight knights, a great steward, a grand master, a colonel of guards, of horse, of foot and of artillery, an admiral, a highlander, a Trinity brother, a barrister, a benchman and an English gentleman, and he has costumes to suit

GOSSIP OF GOTHAM TOWN

OWEN LANGDON Tells of People and Events in and About New York.



Out Englishing the English.

With Cornelius Vanderbilt's dance on Friday night the "season" began. The tendency of society toward the curtailment of its days in town has, it would seem, almost reached a limit in a season launched on January 6, Mrs. Astor's first large entertainment follows on Monday night, the 9th. Lent will soon check the gayety so tardily set in motion.

There is a settled policy in this. Social leaders prefer to lessen the dignity of the New York season and to increase the importance of Newport and Lenox. They like to make it harder for folks who have to work to keep in the swim. The debut of Miss Marion Fish, for instance, for which gossip thought the magnificent ballroom in the new Fish mansion was especially prepared, will take place in Newport next summer. This is being more English than the English themselves. Country house parties are important. "Fridays" in Britain, but the debut of the Golden Girl of British aristocracy is reserved for London.

What a magnificent scene for the revels of Friday night was the Vanderbilt house! Aside from the dreary palaces of royalty, there is nothing to compare with it in London. It spreads over some 16 city lots, with its gardens and approaches. For the first lot, bought over 20 years ago, Mr. Vanderbilt paid only \$75,000—\$5,000 a front foot. What land is worth now on the "four corners" made monumental by the Vanderbilt, Whitney and Huntington houses, one is at liberty to guess. It isn't in the market.

The house of Vanderbilt represents an expenditure of \$8,000,000. Yet it is by no means the most beautiful in New York; and from the happiest, how far removed!

The very purpose of this ball was to emphasize the fact that Alfred Vanderbilt is now the heir of the house that Cornelius, Jr., his elder brother, may not even enter. Such is the discipline, three years continued, of a very ordinary young man for suiting himself with a wife, instead of suiting his father: such the iron will of the man in all America who owns the most money and fewest smiles.

The McCoy-Sharkey Soiree.

Mrs. Astor is happy enough in her way, which is the way of a dignified old-fashioned lady of conservative tastes and secure social position. Her reception on Monday night will be a quieter affair than the Vanderbilt dance, though given in a house almost as splendid.

I don't suppose she will worry about the fact that the soiree given by Mr. McCoy and Mr. Sharkey on the same evening will attract a larger crowd and get more space in the papers than her own. Which is undoubtedly the case.

New York sports have been often disappointed in the matter of fighting, but they have faith in McCoy and Sharkey. There are rash men willing to bet that there will be fighting; which seems a crazy wager, on general principles.

McCoy is the favorite of the knowing. They say he can hit the sailor nearly as he pleases; yes, the sailor is tough, but no man living can stand it to be pounded indefinitely.

It's surprising that no one seems anticipating a foul by Sharkey. From a rough and tumble to a "mixer," ready to hit a man when and where he could, regardless of rules, Sharkey has developed into a being amenable to ring discipline. He has about as much intellect as an—

However, you can teach even an anthropoid ape a lot of things, if you're patient.

The "New Gibson Girl."

This story is new, true and unimportant: Some months ago a pretty girl rapped at the door of C. D. Gibson's studio and asked employment as a model. Mr. Gibson replied that he didn't need one; the lady responded that she needed—or wanted—to pose, which was more to the point. Gibson yielded and gave the girl some sittings. Then she went away—to a photographer. The camera man took 17 pictures with great care.

These beautiful portraits began to appear in the newspapers, truthfully entitled "The New Gibson Girl." They were fine pictures and I don't blame the newspaper for printing them. Indeed, the only criticism I have heard of such publication was from a lady. "They don't make 'em big enough," she said. Gibson is a ladies' artist; not one man in ten thinks he can draw.

I am wandering from the story, which I warned you in beginning was not important.

Mr. Gibson was in a towering rage. He booted and barred his door against the lady of the photograph. He needn't have taken the trouble. She had no notion of bothering him

The "New Gibson Girl" is going on the stage.

Were These Men Cowards?

The most amazing sequel of the war is the trouble in the Seventy-first New York regiment. The facts are understood by everybody. The regiment had a chance to distinguish itself at San Juan, but failed to do so, not because of any lack in the men, but because they were badly led. Gen. Kent's report, the story of the fight in the London Times, and the accounts given by the men, agree that the higher officers were out of sight when they were most wanted.

Praise is given to Maj. Keck, a private before the war, who led his battalion without a minute's hesitation, to Capt. Rafferty, who led up the first battalion when his superior officer was missing, to Lieut. Williams, a relative of ex-Police Inspector Williams, and to most of the captains; but the fact is, the regiment, as a whole, was fumbled.

The colonel decently resigned because of "press of private business," but the lieutenant colonel and one objectionable major had the effrontery to seek promotion.

Two of the captains united in a public statement that their superior officers were three miles in the rear during the fight. They were court-martialed and punished their accusers by pleading guilty to an infraction of military rules in making a public statement; as much as to say: "Yes, we said it; what are you going to do about it?"

The Grip in Vassar.

Vassar college always catches whatever is going. Of course it has had the grip. Had it badly.

The trustees of the school are seriously considering overhauling their dormitory system, gradually substituting a cottage arrangement, such as has worked so well at Smith. It is almost impossible to isolate patients suffering from contagious troubles when hundreds are together in those big barns of buildings. The Vassar patients are cared for by Dr. Theilberg and Dr. Grace Kimball, both women; the latter is the girl who was safeguarded from the United States legation in Constantinople down to the Galata wharf during the Armenian riots by the stars and stripes, and who afterward erroneously stated that the flag was not respected in Turkey.

Personally having seen Armenians where they grow, I look for a decrease in sympathy for them here, now that they are coming to this country in such numbers.

There was in Providence, R. I., some years ago, a strike of boys in a factory. Armenians were employed in their places and have remained there ever since, earning considerably less than a dollar a day and saving money, with which they embark in the rag business, yielding their places to newcomers. They are as shrewd in business as even the Greeks, who now control half the retail fruit business of New York, and probably are numerous in other cities.

But, talking of Vassar: Did you know that it was some years ago nearly killed by newspaper humorists? As the foremost of its kind, it was the butt of jokes aimed at college girls in general; and parents read so many of these witticisms that they actually feared to send their girls there.

George Gould's Plans.

George Gould's new casino plan for Lakewood is the talk of the moment.

He is going to build a skating rink, riding ring and other athletic conveniences in a building which will probably not be as big as the Grand Central station, as has been suggested in the papers.

Mr. Gould is anxious to be known as a sporting man. He is a swarthy little fellow—all the Goulds are small—who needs only a black beard to look startlingly like the late Jay Gould. He has not a particle of hauteur and his manner is free from anything like ostentation of wealth. He rides the bicycle and so do Mrs. Gould and young Jay and Kingston, dark little fellows with red caps on their black locks.

There is no doubt about Mr. Gould's fondness for the wheel. When he travels, he carries a trunkful of "parts" to be able to repair his own mount in case of breakdown.

Mr. Gould's architect is Bruce Price; the same who once planned a 35-story building for New York, which was prevented from becoming a fact only by the hard times. Much fun was made of Mr. Price's sky-scraper, but we're putting up and burning up plenty of them now.

There is a little five-cent bash house down on the East side whose proprietor has had a happy inspiration. He calls it the "Quo Vadis Restaurant."

THIS AND THAT.

A lady's foot should equal in length one-seventh of her height.

The Arabs show their friendliness when meeting by shaking hands six or eight times. Arabs of distinction go beyond this—they embrace each other several times.

Virgil N. Bakiluck, a native of Brazil, in the Adriatic, and a member of San Francisco's police force, is a good Latin and Greek scholar and speaks English, Russian, French, German, Italian and Spanish.

Of the 13,006 men in the Japanese navy 5.73 per cent. are between the ages of 15 and 20 years, and 38.3 per cent. between the ages of 20 and 25 years. Only 1.05 are over 40 years, and most of these are officers.

Wonderful marksmanship is displayed by a young man of Austin, Tex., named Petmecky. One of his feats is to toss a brick in the air, and with a rifle shot break it in two; then, before they drop to the ground, he breaks each of the two pieces in the same manner.

Ireland's telegraph department recently proved that it could manage Gaelic, by taking the speeches delivered at an Irish festival at Litterkenny, County Donegal, in the native tongue and receiving them at Dublin, so that they could be printed in Gaelic characters in the Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Alexander Tison writes that, according to the Resume Statistique de l'Empire du Japon for 1898, the national debt in 1897 was 419,380,217 silver yen, and to-day it is not over \$250,000,000 in our money, or between five and six dollars per head of the population.

In the Scotch Highlands there used to prevail a custom of bleeding cows for human food. One writer says that "this immoderate bleeding reduces the cattle to so low a plight that in the morning they cannot rise from the ground, and several of the inhabitants join together to help each other's cows."

UP THE SKEENA RIVER.

The "Water of Terrors" and Its Mythical Associations.

Desiring to visit those villages which are least contaminated by modern influence, we ascended the Skeena river to the village of Kitamash or Hazelton. The Skeena is the historic river of British Columbia; its name signifies the "Water of Terrors." Nearly every rock, every bend, every canyon is the scene of some mythical tale. The scene of the birth of the Tsimshian nation lies in its valley; the rock is still revered upon which rested the Tsimshian ark after the flood, and the "Dum-lak-an," "the new home and place of dispersal," is still a Mecca to which pilgrimages are made. In the modern development of the Omenica and Carigoo gold fields the Skeena has been the highway to the sea. For hundreds of years canoes have been paddled up and down its waters; it has been the highway for internal trade from time immemorial, and when the Hudson Bay company's post was established at Hazelton, and merchandise began to pour into the upper country in a steady stream, the Tsimshians with their canoes enjoyed for a long time a monopoly of the carrying trade. Gradually, as they learned the ways and methods of the white man, the price per ton of freight from the coast to Hazelton began steadily to rise, until in 1891 the tariff of \$60 a ton was declared ruinous by the company, and they decided to build their own steamer with which to carry their freight up the river.—George A. Dorsey, in Popular Science Monthly.

THE FIGHTING EDITORS.

An Important Adjunct to a Parisian Newspaper.

"I remember calling at the office of a great Parisian newspaper with a friend who wished to have rectified a statement published in it concerning him," writes a Paris correspondent to Pearson's Weekly. "When our business was made known we were ushered into a handsomely furnished room on the first floor. Seated at desks without a trace of pens, ink or paper, or of anything in a literary way except some new novels, together with a few packages of cigarettes, were two gentlemen, whose appearance made a considerable impression on me.

"They were faultlessly dressed in deep black—the duelist's color. Each had the ribbon of the d'honneur in his buttonhole, their long jet black mustaches were waxed out to a point as fine as a needle's, and there was in their whole manner, their voice, their gestures and the expression of their eyes and mouths an indescribable something that proclaims the man who at one time or another has worn a uniform.

"These were the fighting editors, with whom evidently the pen was not mightier than the sword. They were civil, however, and consented to the rectification of the paragraph. As fighting was their trade they looked at it in a purely business way, and only went out when the demands made were too unreasonable to be entertained. They sometimes fought in defense of articles they had never even

A Texas Wonder.

Hall's Great Discovery. One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, serjinal, emissions, weak and lame back, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and will cure any case above mentioned. E. W. HALL, Sole manufacturer, P. O. box 218, Waco, Texas. For sale by T. D. Armistead, Hopkinsville, Ky.

READ THIS.

Florsville, Texas, January 7, 1895.—This is to certify that after suffering periodically for nine years with severe kidney troubles, I feel now, after the use of about two thirds of one bottle of Hall's Great Discovery, that I am cured.

J. A. WASSERICH.

The diphtheria scare at Morganfield is over, there being no new cases reported.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought

The new Methodist parsonage at Fulton has been completed and is a very handsome abode.

This is Certainly A Wonderful chance.

We are aware that our people who suffer from nervous, chronic or sexual complaints do not have the same opportunity to be cured as do the residents of the great cities where the most eminent physicians and specialists reside. Dr. G. H. Townner, Detroit, Mich., (P. O. Box 6), who has the largest practice in the world, and who is without doubt the most successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, offers to give free consultation by mail to all sufferers. Write to him at once about your case. He will surely cure you.

The Doctor has just published a very instructive and interesting book entitled "Sexual Health and Marriage," that should be read by every man. He will send a copy free to anyone mentioning this paper and enclosing stamp for reply.

J. W. Walker, of Morganfield, will open at hotel in Corydon.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought

The dries won the local option election at Providence, Webster county, Saturday.

The words of praise bestowed upon Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it prove the merit of the medicine.

The Providence telephone line now has connection with Henderson and Morganfield.

A Sore Liver Makes a Well Man

Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chills and fever, etc. If you have any of these symptoms your liver is out of order, and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your blood does not act properly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottle at R. C. Hardwick's drug store.

The pickpockets who attend Chicago funerals are causing a good deal of extra mourning.

Dangers of the Grip.

The greatest danger from La Grippe is of its resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for La Grippe we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure La Grippe in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by R. C. HARDWICK.

W. H. Read, by a close examination, says that all the budded fruit of the cherries and peaches are killed in Allen county.

Experience has taught us that the best remedy for the aged is Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. It strengthens the nerves and builds up a vigorous and healthy appetite. For sale by C. K. WELLY.

The next meeting of the Fourth District Educational Association will be held in Beaver Dam in June.

CASTORIA

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Irrington	8:30 p.m.	9:40 a.m.
Stephensport	8:55 p.m.	10:10 a.m.
Cloverport	9:15 p.m.	10:35 a.m.
Hawesville	9:45 p.m.	11:05 a.m.
Lewistown	10:05 p.m.	11:30 a.m.
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